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NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 8 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the peper.

AN UPRIGHT CHINESE OFFICER.

We give a portrait of Wen Siang, an upright Chinese officer, who died lately in Peking. He was for many years the Vice-President of the Imperial Council, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Affairs, and Director of the Hanlin College.

Unlike most of his countrymen who are in office, he did not enrich himself, but labored for what he considered was his country's good; and he was more anxious to do what was right than to get money. Though he had held office so long he was comparatively poor when he died.

He was widely known and respected as "the Honest Wen Siang." Thousands attended his funeral, and the Emperor, and other high officers, gave largely to make it an imposing one; and a costly monument will doubtless be erected over his remains. So if the Chinese, and especially the official class, do not practice honesty, they at least respect the few among them who are up-right.

The mandarins are noted for their oppression of the people, and their enriching of themselves by unjust means. The late Emperor of China sent a high officer from Peking, who was noted for his integrity, to examine into the conduct of the official class in the various provinces, and he reported that instead of acting as the fathers of the people, they acted more like wolves. Nothing that foreigners have written concerning the injustice and avarice of the mandarins is so strong as what this officer wrote to the Emperor.

Once in a long while, however, each city and district is favored with an officer who does justly and loves mercy; and the change is so great, from the rule of the oppressors, that the people are filled with gratitude, respect and admiration.

Their way of showing their gratitude, however, is very singular. Just before his term of service ends, the citizens present him with a coat of many colors, not to be worn, but to be preserved as a memento; and, as his cortége leaves the city, the streets of which are crowded with the people, it is stopped at the gate, and persons appointed by the citizens present the mandarin with a pair of new satin boots, and request that those he has on be given to them to be preserved as a memento.

This ceremony of exchanging boots is sometimes performed at other cities and towns through which he passes to his home, or to his next place of rule. These are customs which have come down from very ancient times, and they are valued by those who desire the good will of the people, gained by right acting and just dealing. Scarcely more than once, however, in an average life-time do the people have an officer sent to them whose conduct proves worthy of these honors, nor will there be any improvement in their rule until that religion prevails in the country which not only enjoins all men "to do justly and love mercy," but also "to walk humbly with God."

GEN. SWIFT'S TESTIMONY.

General John L. Swift, of Boston, who is well known in that city as a public man, and whose conversion has attracted a great deal of attention, spoke as follows at a recent meeting in the Tabernacle before an immense audience:

It was said last Thursday at this meeting that fluency of speech and oratory were not wanted in the evidence of the new man, and it is a matter of great encouragement to me that without labored argument and without intensity of declamation I am able to tell to-night the old, old story of one more changed heart. I came to this building three weeks ago, and entirely without expectation on my part, and by what must be considered, under all the circumstances, as special intervention.

WEN SIANG.

Before I came here I had determined in my mind to be a Christian in a modest, retiring way. I wanted to have a religion all to myself. The Sabbath labors of my own pastor, who may be hearing me to-night, and that of other Christians, had settled in my mind beyond a cavil or a doubt that evangelic truths were founded both upon the rock of reason and upon the authority of the revelation. The teachings of every-day life had convinced me that the New Testament was sound when it said that theft and covetousness, and wickedness and deceit, and blasphemy and pride—that all these evils came from within and defileth a man; and I wanted, if this was so, to have them taken c... of me, so that, if it were possible, I might be made clean. And it was in this condition of mind, as I told you, that I came into this building by accident the first Sunday in this present month, and that condition was well enough so far as it went, but I wanted to be a sort of disciple in incognito. I wanted to be a believer in repose. I wanted to have this religion all alone to myself. I had a great dislike to religious terms. I didn't like to hear the expressions: "He has come out," "he has experienced religion," "he is converted." But I took my seat half way down, I think, in that aisle. (Pointing to one of the centre aisles.) From my experience, it is the most uncomfortable situation in this whole house for a half-and-half Christian, but I stand here to-night an unworthy occupant of this place because I was an uneasy occupant of that seat. I have already told some others that Mr. Moody seemed to know that I was here, and to understand my case precisely. His eye seemed to range over to that very spot, and his whole artillery seemed to bear upon that one spot, and his sermon drove the cowardice out of my

HEART, AND THEN AND THERE I RESOLVED THAT AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY I WOULD CARRY THE FLAG AND

WEAR THE UNIFORM OF THE MASTER

I proposed to serve. But away back of all this is the superior fact that for nine and forty years I have been the object of constant and of loving prayers. When those prayers first began to affect my mind it is impossible for me to tell. John Stuart Mill says to debating Christians: "Hold on to the argument of design if you wish to prove the existence of God." And I say here, this evening, to believing Christians, hold on to God's promises concerning prayer if you want to prove His oversight and His care for the human soul. Ah, it is in answer to those prayers, I believe, that I am here with you. There is sentiment enough about prayer. Men will melt and have their hearts touched as you repeat poetry about prayer. But it is the Bible, and in it this truth, as imperishable as the law of the ever-living God,—that prayer is heard and prayer is answered, for He has said:

"And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

I never left my mother, to my recollection, in my whole life, for any length of time, but what she said to me when I left her: "I want to live long enough to see you give your heart to your Saviour." It was the conclusion of every separation, it was the burden of every letter she ever wrote to me in her life. I remember on one occasion, and there are those here that can recall the fact, that I was invited by my fellow-citizens to deliver in Tremont Temple an address upon the campaign in Mississippi and the surrender of Fort Hudson. The mayor of the city presided. The hall was crowded, and we were all at the white heat of patriotism. I was endeavoring to picture the advance and occupation by our victorious army of those blood-stained uplands. The whole scene was vividly before me, and when I came to the scene where at our command 7,000 of our then foes laid down their guns and the dear old flag ran up the pole, where for more than two months had been flaunting in our eyes the standard of rebellion, why, the whole audience went wild, the music struck up, and they rose upon their feet, surging and swaying with cheers. As I stood there alone amidst that wild burst of enthusiasm, I looked into the left of the gallery, and saw one pale, unemotional face.

IT WAS THE FACE OF MY MOTHER.

She was a little woman. It seemed as though I could lift her in the palm of my hand, but she was great in love and faith, and when I met her she said, "I could give you freely to my country, but, oh, if I could have seen you so talk for your Saviour I would ask no more on this earth." There is a passage in Scripture, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven." I know what that means. I know what it is to feel as a little child, though my hairs are gray with the footfalls of time. Now, I wish to say here, and impress it upon you, that, at that meeting in 1863, there was no man in the State of Massachusetts so little likely to be reconciled to his God, it appeared to me as myself. I was entirely absorbed with the world. I was careless about all religious influences, and it was my belief that it would all come right in the end. But last Wednesday I stood in that Temple, and as I rose I looked down in the front seat and there was my old father, seventy-nine years of age, who had struggled over to hear his son tell of the glorious tidings of this Gospel. It almost broke me down, but I went on as well as I could. Those who are in this Christian work say that it is my duty to stand here. I would wish myself far less publicity in this matter, but I dare not be silent, if it is possible that I may reach out and help save some man's soul. I believe the great work is only begun in this city. The great

TIDAL WAVE IS YET TO SWEEP OVER THIS PLACE

of our affection, and I wish to do something. I will do something that this city on those three hills—this city that cradled Liberty, and that hailed the van of progress—should believe and shine as the city of the redeemed. I implore you who listen to me to-night to come to your Father's house. Your own children, by their white souls yet unstained with sin, stretch out their little hands to you and implore you to come and help them, and could we hush to-night this vast assembly we could almost catch the strains of those who have gone beyond, who are chanting "The Spirit and the Bride say come." Come, brother, trust to the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, trust Him all thy journey through. Trust Him until your feet shall be planted on the crystal sea.

Temperance Department.

[For the Messenger.

JIM ANDERSON'S LEGACY.

(Continued.)

"I never saw men look more horrified than the neighbors in the next room. Even William was appalled at the sight of his old uncle in his death agonies."

"'Can nothing be done, doctor?' he said.

"'No, William,' replied the doctor, 'he is far beyond my reach, now. It will be all over soon.'

The struggles of the old man became frightful No matter if he put his head under the bedclothes where he, at times, vainly sought darkness the spectres were there still whether his eyes were closed or open it was all the same.

"At one time, after a brief pause, he looked wildly at the foot of the bed, and said,

"'Art thou come, lass? I kept my promise Fly! fly! fly! or they will catch thee. Don't look at me so, lass. I've left him the rocks! the cursed rocks. I'll leave him all—everything Go! go! go!' A moment after and uncle Jim, with one convulsive effort to spring up in the bed, fell back dead. I think it must have been my mother's vision that he imagined he saw standing at the foot of his bed.

"Well, after the funeral, Lawyer Scribe of Tippleton, read uncle Jim's will, and sure enough, there was the hundred acres in the south-east corner of the farm left to me, while the other two hundred acres were left to the other boys.

"It was not long before William sold his hundred acres and went to Tippleton, where he at first carried on horse-dealing, and having ill luck, went at last into service as a man of-all-work at a tavern. The habits of intemperance that had been fostered in him, when he used to frequent the Four Corners tavern, grew upon him as it had grown upon uncle Jim He became useless at length and lost his place at the tavern, and he was missing all one winter, but in the spring, they found his body in the woods at the outskirts of the town, where, it is supposed, he wandered in a drunken fit and was frozen to death.

"Brother John did not sell his farm, but it is so heavily mortgaged that he will never again call it his own, I am afraid. But I have great hopes of John. When he was left alone, I struggled hard to get him to turn over a new leaf. I prayed, and prayed and prayed, but for years I seemed to have no answer. I used to talk to him until he became vexed, when I would drop the subject. It was a long time before I could get him to go to meeting, but I did at last, but still it seemed to do no good. He still drank, and I never omitted to pray daily for him.

One day he came to my house and we got talking about mother, and I reminded him of what a good Christian woman she was, and what a blessed thing it was to die a death like hers, so full of hope and peace, and we took a walk out to the burying ground and looked at the graves of our dead. It was summer, almost a year ago now, and I remember as I talked to John about eternity, right there in front of mother's grave, which was covered with daisies, he stood cutting the fence with his knife, looking very thoughtful. I told him what a chance he had yet to lay hold on eternal life if he would only there and then commence a new life I told him I would help to pay off the mortgage on his farm if he would only try to do better. At last he said,

"'Well, Miles, I'll try I'll swear off drinking for one year from now I promise you here in front of mother's grave.'"

"I hope he kept his promise, said Rawlings.

"He has so far said Miles Anderson, "and you don't know what a different man he is but at times I am afraid of him, for his prospects on the farm are so blank It is all uphill work with him But I have faith that, for all my labor I shall win him to the Saviour I have faith.—yes, I have faith My good mother said God would bless my efforts And now, gentlemen, you know my story, and as it is getting late, I must get home."

"Well friend," said Rawlings, "I have been much interested in the sad story you have related I cannot help feeling that God will certainly bless your efforts if not by worldly success at any rate by strengthening and disciplining His followers to the greatest afflictions on earth Some of us need this divine discipline not only to keep us humble but to keep us from being swallowed up by the things of this world Continual prosperity in this world often brings the soul to perdition."

"God has already blessed me even in this world," said Anderson, "for however disadvantageous my hundred acres may appear to you, I assure you that I raise a great lot of stuff on it: but it is scattered about, and therefore you cannot see it all at once, and then I have done splendidly with my stock. It is the very place for sheep Yes, I shall be happy enough and contented when I can pay off John's mortgage on the farm. Then the work will be clear for us both to go on smoothly together. If I can get John's mind at ease, I can reclaim him,—I know I can"

"Are you going to be busy to-morrow, Mr Anderson," asked Rawlings, as the farmer arose to take his departure.

"Not particularly," replied he

"I should like to engage your services as guide to-morrow, and perhaps for a day or two Three dollars a day I am accustomed to pay for such work," said Rawlings.

"That's more than I should expect for any help I can give you, and I shall be glad to serve you in any way I can," said the farmer

"Then, suppose you come here at eight o'clock to-morrow morning," said Rawlings

When the farmer had departed, my friend lighted a candle in the tent and took out of a tin box a county map and pored over it very intently.

"Let me see," said he, ruminating and pointing with his finger on the map, "Here is the lake. We are camped about here. But the farm lots on this map are not all numbered,—at least not in this particular section."

A sudden thought flashed through my brain as I sat watching Rawlings examining the map.

"Rawlings!" shouted I, springing to my feet, "what if the iron we found happens to be on Miles Anderson's farm! I never once thought of it until this moment!"

"Did you not?" said Rawlings, "but I did"

"Then why did you not say something about it to poor Anderson when he was here? What a happy man you might have made him!" said I.

"And what an unhappy man I might have made him if after all the iron happens to be just upon the next lot to his and not upon his at all, and I very much fear that it is not on Anderson's farm, but very near to it,—and you know 'a miss is as good as a mile.'"

"True," I said, "it would be a sad disappointment to raise a man's hopes and then dash them to the ground again. I suppose we shall know to-morrow?" said I.

"Yes, but say nothing to Anderson regarding our discovery when he comes in the morning, said Rawlings.

I was so impressed with the idea, or rather with the hope, that the iron ore was on Anderson's farm that it was a long time before I slept. Since hearing his life-story, I felt a great admiration for the man's character, and the more I thought of it the more I beheld the wisdom and infinite fitness of God's dealings with His creatures, and as I heard the low, steady, peaceful, breathing of my friend who was enjoying the repose of dream-land by my side, I could not but feel convinced that another noble achievement was about to grace and sanctify the noble impulses of his hand and heart. Thus ruminating, I too fell asleep.

We did not awake in the morning until the sun was in the heavens and before we finished breakfast Anderson arrived at our camp, a little before the appointed hour He said he always liked to be too early rather than too late We put our implements in the boat not forgetting the lunch. We took the same direction we had done the previous day The shore of the lake, as I have already remarked was extremely tortuous. There were so many small bays and jutting points that it was difficult to bear in mind the places before visited, and the character of the shores was so wild with confused masses of dead and living timber as to render landing very unpleasant. It would be almost impossible, from the view obtained from the lake, to conjecture the nature of the country beyond the dense woods that skirted the water's edge.

As we neared the point where, the day before, Rawlings and I had landed and taken our lunch, a feeling of nervousness came over me I was afraid of my friend asking whose lot it was and of hearing Anderson say it belonged to some one whose name I had never heard before. We landed at the same place we had done before, and made fast our boat. Rawlings took a pocket compass from his satchel, and after taking the bearings, said,—

"I want to take that direction," pointing with his hand towards the same part of the woods we had penetrated the day before.

"All right, sir," said Anderson, "I know those woods pretty well."

We passed the open space where we had discovered the iron, but it was a little to the left of our route. However, I cast my eyes upon it in passing and did not notice any marks of our digging We fought our way perseveringly through the brambles for some time without exchanging a word, and at length came to a blank wall of rock which seemed to impede our further progress. We managed to scramble up to the top of it, when we beheld a labyrinth of rocks over which we climbed with difficulty. The last rock we came to had an almost perpendicular descent, down which we had to slide as best we could, and which brought us into a potato patch having a somewhat familiar look. We pressed on, however, in the direction at first indicated by Rawlings. We came to more rocks, and a patch. Again more rocks, when suddenly, Anderson's farmhouse stood in full view, right in our path. We called at the house, drank some cold well-water and rested a while, Mrs. Anderson brought us fresh milk, and seemed bright and happy with her young children around her. We started again on our route and crossed the highroad. We came in sight of the old homestead where Miles Anderson was born, and where the rocky nature of the soil seemed to cease. Rawlings gazed around with a searching glance, and finally altered our course. We went over more rocks down a steep descent into a small valley, and as we neared the woods Rawlings stood and chipped out a piece of the rock with his hammer. It was the same colored rock we had discovered the day before. He took out his magnetic dip needle and held it over the spot, but it did not drop quite perpendicular though, it pointed downwards, but at length he came to a spot where it suddenly dropped. Rawlings put up his compass and sitting down on a rock, asked Anderson where his lot line ran.

"Over yonder," replied he, pointing with his hand.

"Let us go and see," said Rawlings.

We went past the farmhouse about three hundred yards, where there was a snake-fence that ran to the rocks, but stopped there.

"Have you a surveyor's stake hereabouts?" asked Rawlings.

"Yes, here it is, marked M. A.," replied Anderson.

"And where does the line run?" asked Rawlings.

"There, in that direction," said the farmer, pointing with his hand towards the lake.

"Then this is the north-west corner of your hundred acres?" enquired Rawlings.

"Yes, this is the north-west corner," said Anderson

"Have you a deed of your farm?" asked Rawlings.

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"In the house," said Anderson.

"Will you let me look at it?" asked Rawlings.

"Certainly; come down to the house."

Rawlings examined the deed and found it perfectly legal in every respect. Handing it back to him, my friend said,—

"You must not be surprised at my inquisitiveness. I am a Provincial Land Surveyor, and somewhat interested in regard to the lay of these farm lots."

We returned to our boat and took luncheon, after which, Rawlings said he was going to run a line. We had a surveyor's chain in the boat. So after cutting two straight poles, we returned to the Surveyors stake we had seen in the morning. I saw now the object of my friend's enquiries, and why he was going to run a line. It took us some time to find the Government boundry line monument We did so at last, however. By the position of the stake, as compared with the position of the spot where we had discovered the iron, I was afraid the latter would be found on the adjourning farm. But the country was so peculiar in its character that it was impossible to form a correct opinion except by actual measurement. I need not describe the anxiety of my mind as we gradually approached the lake with our chain, and my great joy when we ascertained beyond doubt, that the great iron deposit we had discovered was on the identical farm of rocks that had been bequeathed with a curse to Miles Anderson, by his unfortunate uncle Jim.

As it was getting towards evening by the time we had finished running the line, we invited Anderson to come and spend the evening in camp with us. I was surprised that Rawlings did not make known to Anderson his great good fortune. He said nothing to him, however, and the farmer suspected not that such a vast change was about to take place in his worldly circumstances.

We sat talking a long time after supper upon different topics, and I began to be quite vexed with my friend for not telling Anderson how rich he was. But at length Rawlings said,—

"Mr. Anderson, I was much impressed with your sad story last night, and I have thought about it a good deal. Yes, I have pondered over the whole of the circumstances, and I see very plainly the hand of the Almighty I see His judgments on the one hand, and His infinite mercy on the other. You have inherited with your farm a bad man's curse. Like a Christian, you have striven to outlive that curse by an honorable and as far as in you lay a blameless course, but I warn you that I have this day, or rather yesterday, been face to face with the curse, which has lain hidden from sight within a short distance of your threshold, and if you will meet me at nine o'clock to-morrow morning at the point where your boundary line runs into the lake, I will show it to you."

I must say I never felt so disappointed in a speech in all my life. I felt almost angry with my friend for what he had said to poor Anderson, who seemed somewhat taken aback by what Rawlings had said to him.

"Do not be alarmed at what I have said," continued my friend. "Remember what the good Book says; 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' A good man need fears nothing. But there is a fearful danger that lies in your earthly path that will require more Christian fortitude to guard against than any that you have yet displayed. You are surprised that for years—I may say all your life—you have wandered around one of the deepest pit-falls that an evil agency can create, and indeed it may turn out to be a fearful curse. My advice is now to 'watch and pray lest you fall into temptation.'"

Anderson had risen to take his departure, and in a bewildered sort of way bade us good night, and promised to be at the appointed *rendezvous* in the morning.

In all my experience of my friend's character, his oddities and vagaries, the question of his sanity never entered as a doubt into my mind; but to-night, as I watched him get into bed, I certainly thought of the numerous instances of very learned men going mad. However, his subsequent conversation, which did not in the least touch upon Anderson, reassured me, and I fell asleep and did not wake until early morning.

We arrived at the appointed spot by the time agreed upon, where we found Anderson awaiting us. He looked anxious, and I felt anxious myself as to what Rawlings contemplated doing. At last he said,

"We shall need the picks and shovels." (He had put two picks and shovels into the boat this morning.)

We carried the implements to the spot where we had discovered the iron ore.

"Now," said Rawlings, "we will unearth a demon,—a real, tangible, insidious demon of the blackest and most dangerous type. All hands to work! Here, Mr. Anderson, you begin there and pick away, and you (addressing me) begin there!"

Poor Anderson looked at me as though he would say, "Surely this man is mad," and Rawlings divining his thoughts, exclaimed, "I am not mad, most noble Anderson," whereupon we fell to work vigorously, and after two hours' labor a bed of iron ore, some thirty feet wide, lay exposed to view.

"Now," said Rawlings, at length looking at Anderson, who stood bewildered at the apparently useless work we had been doing, "Now I will introduce you to this demon. You see his black back there,—that is he—the Prince of Darkness, there you see him in the body, but his spirit you see not, there he lies, and his evil agency lies buried deep down in the bowels of the earth. Shall I tell you the name of this devil, Miles Anderson?" asked Rawlings, solemnly.

"Yes, tell me his name," said Anderson.

"His name is WEALTH," replied my friend.

At that word, Anderson let fall his pick and seemed suddenly to divine the whole mysterious conduct of my friend. Yes, he saw it all now why he had examined his deed of the farm, why he had measured the land, and why he had warned him of danger.

"And now, Miles Anderson," cried Rawlings impressively, "what will you do with this curse—this vast wealth? Here are twenty, forty—aye, perhaps a hundred thousand dollars—all yours to do what you like with. Will you let it drag your soul down with the dust? Will you let it break asunder that precious tie that binds your soul to things divine? Will you cast off the humble mantle of righteousness and deserting its paths of loveliness and peace, lose yourself in the giddy world of selfishness and frivolity to which this demon will endeavor to lure you? Is this new-found treasure to prove a blessing to you, Miles Anderson, or is it to prove a curse? Say, what will you do with all this wealth?"

Poor Miles Anderson fell upon his knees, and with a tremulous voice, exclaimed,

"I will pay off Johnny's mortgage and build a brand new meeting-house!"

"God be praised!" cried Herbert Rawlings, "God be praised! *It will not prove a curse.*"

THE END.

—Rochester, N. Y., has been struck with the Reform movement, and over 5,000 have recently signed the pledge. Noon-day prayer-meetings are sustained, and the neighboring towns and villages are feeling its influence.

—Birmingham, Eng., has decided to buy up all the liquor-saloons within its boundaries at a cost of nearly £1,000,000, close up a portion of them, and run the rest under carefully digested regulations.

Agricultural Department.

OUR INSECT FRIENDS

At a late meeting of the Elmira Farmers Club, Prof. Comstock made the following interesting remarks upon insects, as reported in the *Husbandman*:

Many people forget that some insects are our friends; and only a few persons appreciate how many friends we have among the insects. We meet to talk about noxious insects; we read in agricultural journals accounts of noxious insects; State entomologists are employed to study and report on noxious insects; our sons in agricultural colleges listen to lectures on noxious insects; and ere we are aware of it, we come to think that the adjective is inseparably connected with the noun and speak only of noxious insects. As a result of this, you see in the various agricultural journals plans for the wholesale destruction of insects, plans which, if adopted, would destroy many more friends than foes.

Our insect friends are numerous, and benefit us in many ways. Some furnish us with useful products, as silk, honey, wax and coloring matters. Others perform an important office in fertilization of plants. Many act as scavengers, feeding upon decaying animal and vegetable matter, while a great number feed upon and destroy other insects which are noxious. It is to the latter class only that I wish to call your attention to-night.

This class of insects may be divided into two groups; one group, including those species that are predaceous, and the other group those that are parasitic. Good examples of predaceous insects are the ground-beetles and the lady-bugs. The ground-beetles are the black beetles with the long legs, very common under sticks and stones. They are very active, can run very fast, and destroy many noxious insects. The lady-bugs are the little hemispherical beetles, generally red or yellow with black spots. They are common on all plants and feed on plant lice and the eggs of insects.

Of the parasitic insects the most important are the Ichneumon flies. These insects can usually be recognized by their long, slender bodies, wasp-like wings, and a long organ, the ovipositor, attached to the posterior end of the abdomen. There are many species of them; probably two thousand species living in America. They are parasitic on the young of other insects. The female Ichneumon fly lays her eggs either in or upon the body of the insect upon which her young are to feed. When the eggs hatch, the young grubs begin at once to feed upon their victim. There is a curious fact in connection with the manner in which they do this. They first eat the fatty portions, carefully avoiding the vital organs, so that the caterpillar or other insect, as the case may be, lives on with these creatures inside its body and deriving their nourishment from it. In many cases the caterpillar lives until it has spun its cocoon, and then is killed by the parasites. In these cases the parasitic grubs, when fully grown, spin for themselves cocoons within the cocoon of their victim. In other cases the parasitic grubs get growth before the caterpillar spins a cocoon. They then crawl out from the body of the caterpillar and each spins about its body a cocoon. These cocoons are attached to the body of the caterpillar or to the plant on which it was. They are usually white or yellow. Feeble caterpillars may often be seen crawling about with from fifty to two hundred of these little cocoons attached to their bodies. After remaining in their cocoons for a time, in some species a few days, in other species a few or several months, the Ichneumon flies escape as perfect insects furnished with wings.

These creatures show a wonderful instinct in discovering a proper place in which to lay their eggs. They will not lay them in an insect that is already infested. A large Ichneumon fly will lay only a few eggs, sometimes only one, in each victim, while the smaller species will lay many eggs in a single insect, never so many, however, that the young will want food. These creatures seem to have the power of finding their victims, wherever they may be, hid. Even those species of insects which bore in the trunks of trees are infested with Ichneumon flies. Nearly every group of insects is infested by Ichneumon flies. They usually lay their eggs either in or upon the larvæ of other insects, but some very small species lay their eggs within the eggs of other insects.

Closely allied to the Ichneumon flies are the Chalcis flies. This is a large family of insects, there being in this country probably one thousand species. The species are of small size, and of bright metallic colors. Habits similar to those of the Ichneumon flies, they being like them parasitic on the young of other insects. They differ, however, from the Ichneumon flies in this particular, the Chalcis flies do not spin a cocoon, i. e. their pupæ are naked.

A species of Chalcis flies prey upon the cabbage worm. In a collection of sixty chrysalides of this insect, fifty-seven were infested by Chalcis flies, only three producing butterflies. One can easily see the immense harm that a person would do that collected and destroyed indiscriminately a large number of these chrysalides.

The speaker then drew the following conclusions:

Great care is necessary in the destruction of noxious insects, to avoid those that are beneficial. From this it follows that one should study a species carefully before waging war against it.

Don't destroy caterpillars that have small white or yellow cocoons attached to them. Such caterpillars are harmless, as they are sure to die before arriving at maturity. And each little cocoon contains an Ichneumon fly, which, if undisturbed may destroy many caterpillars.

Collect chrysalides of noxious insects and put them in a box covered with wire gauze; an old sieve will answer. If a sieve of wire netting is not at hand, a box can be prepared in a few minutes by driving tacks around its edge, and passing cords back and forth, thus making a net. The netting should be coarse enough to allow the small Ichneumon and Chalcis fly to escape, but fine enough to retain the butterflies or moth.

The cocoons and chrysalides of many noxious insects may be found under boards and under fences or buildings in the neighborhood of infested plants. He recommended placing boards between the rows in the cabbage patch; the cabbage worms will fasten themselves to the under side of these boards to undergo their transformations. The chrysalides can then be easily collected and placed in boxes as recommended above.

Prof Lazenby says the most satisfactory way to fight insects is to have good strong, healthy plants and make them grow rapidly. Poor stock gets lousy, poor or weak plants become infested with vermin.

Enquiry was made of Prof. Comstock in regard to the enemies of the potato beetle. He claimed that the ravages were in some degrees checked by parasitic insects which might eventually destroy them, but for the present Paris green is the safest treatment for the potato bug.

STABLE MANAGEMENT.

Stables should be built on high ground, so that the surface water can be thoroughly drained from the building. Water saturated with the earth and decaying vegetable matter produces a change in atmosphere air, and converts it into a miasma that is pernicious to the health of all animals. Horses will never enjoy good health confined in a damp, filthy stable. It is the source of blindness, farcy, glanders, and other fatal disorders that cause the death of many valuable horses. There is another fatal delusion in stable economy, namely, not one-tenth of the stables are ventilated. The animals confined in tight, ill-ventilated stables are compelled to breathe the air over and over, which is pernicious to health. They will lose condition in spite of good grooming, warmth and cleanliness. The air which the horse breathes out is very different from that which he inhales. He inhales pure air and respires a dilated gas that is rank poison to the lungs of all animals. The air, in the process of breathing, diminishes its specific gravity and rises into the lighter atmosphere. It can be conducted out of the barn by shafts or tubes for that purpose. The constant agitation of the elements by the ingress of fresh air—like running water, purifies itself. Port holes can be made at the base of the building to let in fresh air, and shafts can be placed at the head of each horse to conduct the foul air out of the stall as fast as it is breathed in the surrounding atmosphere, or a large shaft can be built in the centre of the barn which will answer the purpose as a general conductor of foul air.

The horse requires to be fed often on good substantial food. The stomach is smaller than that of the bovine race. The equine species digest their food rapidly. It has been found by experiment that the horse digests his food in four hours. The stomach becomes empty in that short space of time, and craves a new supply to restore the exhausted muscles, and replenish the natural waste of the body. In all acts of exertion there is an expenditure of muscle which must be replaced in the fibrine and salts contained in the cereals and nutritious grasses which enter in through the blood to restore the exhausted elements of the body. Oats, of all the cereals, are best adapted to fleet-footed animals, because they contain most of bone and muscle. Hay forms the bulk of the food for domesticated animals. It contains sugar and starch, the constituents of fat, and fibrine, with some of the constituents of muscle. Work horses are fed all the hay they will eat, but grain is parceled out according to the work they perform. Water is the primitive agent of condition. It is indispensable to the health of these domestic servants. One-half pailful as often as they desire it is the best measure for anything like fast work. When cool they can be suffered to drink what their appetite craves. Salt is essential to the health of all animals. It should be furnished to the equine and bovine species once a week. The horse should be fed his grain four or five times a day on account of his small stomach. When over-loaded it obstructs his wind and interferes with fast travelling. It has been found in staging that the horse will do better to be driven nine or ten miles an hour for five hours and then fed and rested, than he will to be driven five miles an hour for ten hours on an empty stomach. Even if driven sixty miles in six hours he will be in better condition and do his work more cheerfully the next day than if driven the same distance all day on an empty stomach and without rest. The horse ought to be fed and watered one hour before he is wanted for use. When the stomach is over-loaded with food it obstructs his wind and interferes with his work. —*Michigan Farmer.*

NEGLECT OF PASTURES.

This is the only country in the world, the Chicago *Times* says, where any pretensions are made to good farming that no attention is given to improving pasture. In taking up a new farm, the poorest portion is invariably set apart for the pasture. After the best portions are planted and sown to annual crops, so long as they will pay the cost of cultivation, the land is seeded down to grass. This is cut and cured for hay, till the farmer is ashamed of himself of the small amount he gets from an acre, when he concludes that he will convert the field into a pasture. He seldom seems to think that his pasture is his great source of wealth, that his cows get from it the materials which furnish milk; that the grass it produces makes most of the wool, beef, and mutton he has to sell; and that all his young cattle obtain their living from the pasture about seven months in every year. He seems to forget that he and his teams work all summer chiefly to obtain food which the stock consumes during the winter, while his pastures furnish a supply for a longer period, without any labor being expended upon them.

Land once turned out to pasture is doomed to neglect so long as it is devoted to that purpose. Weeds and bushes are permitted to spring up and spread at will. As the grass in places becomes killed out, the spots are allowed to remain barren. A large proportion of the stock kept in the pasture are yarded at night, and most of their droppings are left, when they are taken to cultivate fields. Even those that fall on the pastures are not broken up and scattered, as they should be. The rank grasses which spring up, but which are not eaten by the stock, are allowed to go to seed, and in this way gradually extend over a large portion of the ground. No Western farmer thinks to apply farm-yard, mineral, or commercial fertilizers to his pasture. If a portion of it happens to become rich by the cattle, sheep, or colts remaining on it during the night, the chances are that he will plow it up and put it in cultivated crops; and turn out another piece of land that is in too poor condition to produce corn, grain, or hay.

In England pastures receive constant attention and increase in productiveness year by year. They are generally in so high a state of fertility that a good crop of hay may be harvested from them, if the stock is taken off, as done occasionally. They are manured like lands which produce annual crops, the fertilizers being applied late in the fall or very early in the spring. They are ordinarily mown at least once every season, so as to keep down the weeds and coarse grasses. By cutting them off, short grasses spring up, while the weeds and rank grasses that are cut down help to enrich the soil. The turf, once well established, may not be turned during a century; but it is occasionally scarified by a utensil made especially for the purpose, so as to lay bare some fresh soil, on which the seed of more valuable grasses may be sown. A great variety of grasses is produced on English pastures and attention is given to seeding peculiar soils and locations with grasses that are adapted to them. In this country little or no attention is given to this matter, but the grasses are left to establish themselves as best they will. In some localities white clover, redtop, and blue grass, all good pasture grasses, will, by a process of self-seeding or extension of their roots, establish themselves over a considerable amount of ground. Under unfavorable circumstances, however, sorrel, burdock, thistles, and coarse grasses will take possession of the land.—*N. Y. Independent.*

DOMESTIC.

COLD MEAT DISHES.

BY MRS T. D. HARRISON.

One excellent way of preparing cold corned beef for the table is to chop several sliced moderately fine, then peel and slice four or five onions, boil them until tender—of course changing the water in the usual way—then put the beef in the skillet with the onions, and add a piece of butter, and a little pepper and salt. Let it boil up and serve.

Another way is to take thin slices of the beef, lay them in the spider and pour over them a gravy made of one-half tea-cup of water, one-fourth teaspoon of mustard, one tablespoon of catsup, one teaspoon of vinegar, and one sprinkle of cayenne pepper. Let it come to a boil and serve.

Cold roast beef. Take thin slices of the rare parts, lay them in a tin pail, prepare a sauce of one teaspoon currant jelly, one of vinegar, four of catsup, one-fourth teaspoon of pepper sauce, one tablespoon of butter, two cloves not two teaspoons of cloves—one-half cup boiling water, salt to taste. Pour this over the meat, cover tightly, set in a kettle of boiling water. Let it boil fifteen minutes and serve.

About the best way to serve the parts that are well done is to slice it across the grain very carefully and very thin, and use it for tea with bread and butter; but you can make it palatable by mincing it. Then mince an equal quantity of bread and crumbs, put a layer of the meat in the bottom of a pudding-dish, add salt, pepper and bits of butter, then cover with a layer of the bread crumbs, having wet them first in salted milk, and so on, filling the dish as full as you wish, having meat at the top. Prepare a covering for this made of one cup of milk, one cup of bread-crumbs, one beaten egg, and a little salt. Spread it over the top and put little bits of butter all over it. Bake half an hour. Catsup, or some sour gravy should be eaten with this.

Lamb sandwiches prepared in the following way are very good: Butter thin slices of bread, then take two very thin slices of lamb with current jelly spread between them, lay these inside the bread.

Cut cold mutton in slices, lay each piece separately on a dish, and spread (being careful to leave no places untouched) with catsup, sprinkle a little salt over it, cover, and let it stand in the oven for fifteen minutes, or until heated through; then serve.

Cold meats are often spoiled because they are not carved well. In the country one sees cubes of meat, but very rarely thin slices, and more rarely still, meats cut across the grain. It is useless to touch cold meat, hoping to make it more palatable, unless you are particular about thin slices—if it is sliced—and cutting across the grain.—*Zion's Herald*

PINEAPPLE MARMALADE.—Select the largest, ripest, and most perfect pineapples that can be found, pare them and cut out all the blemishes, grate them on a large dish, using a coarse grater, and omitting the hard core which goes down to the centre of each, or, in the absence of the grater, cut them in small bits. Add an equal weight of the best double refined sugar (in lumps), put them into a preserving kettle, and mix them well together, set over a moderate and very clear fire, and boil and skim well, stirring it after skimming. After the scum has ceased to appear, stir the marmalade frequently until it is done, which will be in an hour or an hour and a half after it has come to a boil. But if it is not smooth, clear and bright in that time, continue the boiling until it is. This is a delicious preparation of pine-apple.—*Goodholmes' Domestic Cyclopædia*

THE QUEEN OF THE SECOND COURSE.—Take one dozen large sweet-potatoes, have them roasted, peeled carefully, then well mashed until perfectly smooth. The most important ingredient in this dish is a pound of cold chicken, prepared as if for chicken salad. A teacupful of chopped celery is a very good addition, and a cupful of sweet cream is needed. The whole mass must be well worked together, and seasoned to taste with salt and pepper. A large table-spoonful of butter must not be forgotten. Form this into an oblong roll, and put it in a tin vessel to brown in a quick oven. Half a wine-glassful of Worcester sauce improves the dish very much. Of course only the least bit of salt is needed.

MINNEHAHA CAKE.—One and a half cups granulated sugar, half cup butter stirred to a cream, whites of six eggs or three whole eggs, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, put into two heaping cups of flour and both sifted together, one teaspoonful soda in half cup sweet milk. Bake the cake in three layers. For filling take a tea-cup of sugar and a little water; boil together until brittle when dropped into cold water; remove from the stove and stir quickly into the well-beaten white of one egg; add to this a cup of stoned raisins, chopped fine; or a cup of chopped hickory nut-meats, and place between layers and over the top of the cake.

"I SAW YOU."

We all know the story of the little boy who quietly stole into his father's garden one night to take the "forbidden fruit,"—not an apple, but a pear, from a favorite tree, when on looking up to reach it, a star shining through the branches reminded him of God's eye being ever fixed upon him. If young people alw ys remembered that truth, how often would it prevent them from doing things "on the sly," and thus sowing the seeds of many rank thistles - of forming many bad habits -of entering upon paths that lead to sad ends.

Lydia Travers was in capital spirits, for she was just having the morning which, of all others, she liked the *best*. She was having a sweep and a "rummage." In her dictionary, "rummage" meant to pry into every hole and corner she liked, to put things straight and tidy, according to her own notions of tidiness at least, and to feel her little self to be mistress of the house. She would have better pleased her mother, if she had been content with the sweep without the "rummage;" but as this morning her mother was out, she was pleasing herself. The room had been nicely arranged, and now there was only one more thing to be done—the cupboard!

"Now for it!" she said, with a smile; "mother has left it open for once." Her eyes surveyed with pleasure the cupboard, which Mrs. Travers always had in such good order that it was never necessary to "rummage" about for anything. To Lydia's delight, on the bottom shelf, what should she see but a pot of jam. To take it out at once, to remove the paper lid, dip her finger in, and take a mouthful was the work of an instant.

"Isn't it nice!" she thought, with a heightened color, and preparing for a second taste. Just at that moment she heard a footstep, which a little startled her. "Ha! here's mother coming," and she immediately closed the cupboard door.

HA! HERE'S MOTHER COMING?"

It was not her mother, however, but widow Bell, their neighbor, who came in, and Lydia saw that she looked much agitated

"There's nothing the matter, Mrs. Bell, I hope!" said Lydia tremulously; "you look as if you had been crying."

"I have been, my child; I came in to talk to your mother a little. Why do you blush so?"

"I have been working rather hard, I suppose," said Lydia, trying to be cheerful, but feeling somewhat ashamed because she was almost sure Mrs. Bell, according to her habit, had first peeped in through the window. If she did, she must certainly have seen her with the jam-pot in her hand.

"I have had a letter from my poor boy this morning," said the widow, taking a chair

"What, from Herbert! I thought he would not be allowed to write to you from where he is," said the child, dropping her voice into a frightened whisper.

"Yes, I may hear from him occasionally," replied Mrs. Bell, weeping.

"Don't cry so bitterly," said Lydia, glad herself, at last, to relieve her own pent-up feelings by a good burst of tears.

"I could never have dreamed that my dear Herbert would have turned out so, although his poor father often used to warn him against the 'power of littles,' as he used to say."

"What did he mean, Mrs. Bell?"

"Why, that what we, especially what young people count 'littles,' or trifles, are really very mighty and awful things. Poor boy! he would not have been where he is to-day if he had taken his good father's advice, and followed his example."

Lydia could make no reply. If ever a person in the world felt heartily ashamed that morning it was Lydia Travers.

"He could not be brought to see that deceptive acts, however small, were like the seeds from which very large trees are grown. He would not have been in prison to-day, my dear, if he hadn't begun by taking what was not of more value than—"

"Than what?" asked Lydia in a whisper, so low that it was scarcely audible.

"Than the jam I saw you take just now," said the widow, gently, and laying her withered hand on the finger on which a stain of raspberry juice was yet to be seen.

"Oh! Mrs. Bell" cried Lydia, now crimsoning with shame, "I am so sorry! I didn't mean to be a thief," she said with a shudder; "indeed I didn't."

"I am sure you did not, my child," said the widow, earnestly; "and I am sure my poor Herbert did not. But, my dear he is in prison to-day, for all that. Now, if I were you, when your mother comes home, I should tell her all about it, and ask her to help you all she can to conquer this bad habit of yours."

That morning was as useful a morning as Lydia Travers ever spent in her life. She frankly told her mother what she had done, and how sorry she felt for having yielded to temptation. For a long time she never looked at the cupboard door nor saw it opened, without thinking of the gloomy prison door, which, strongly barred and bolted, separated the widow and her son.

In after years, Lydia Travers was promoted to be mistress of the British school in which she had been a diligent pupil teacher. One lesson she used to give to the children was entitled "Nothing is nice that is naughty."—*British Juvenile.*

ANSWERED THE SAME DAY.—"You received a letter yesterday. My husband rose for prayers the same night."—*Wonders of Prayer.*

PLUCKED BLOSSOMS.

"O mother, do see!" said little Georgiana to her mamma, as she came rushing in from the garden; "somebody's cut off all the buds of your heliotrope and little rose. Only look!"

"I did it," said her mother.

"You, mamma!"

"Yes."

"Why—don't you like flowers?"

"Yes, my dear: it is because I like flowers I cut them off."

"What do you mean, mamma?"

"My dear, do you notice that the heliotrope and rose are both young and weak—just beginning to grow? The strength that they would spend on a blossom now I want them to employ in making larger roots, and throwing out more branches, so they will become strong, thrifty plants, and bear twenty blossoms by and by, instead of one now."

"Oh, that is it."

"Yes; you see, my dear, there is in every plant a mysterious power, called the vital force, or life. Now, this vital force is all the while stimulating the plant to throw out either roots, stalks, leaves, or blossoms; but of all things that a plant can do, nothing uses more of this mysterious power than to blossom. If the vital force makes roots, these roots are so many mouths through which the plant sucks food from the earth; if it goes to make more leaves, these leaves are lungs by which the plant breathes the air, and thus takes in nourishment. But the flowers are neither lungs nor mouth; yet it takes the highest force the plant is capable of to produce it; and while the plant is maturing the seed which lies hidden in the flower, it often entirely suspends all other growth, because all its energies are taken up with this effort. So, if a gardener wants to make a plant strong and thrifty, and capable of bearing a beautiful show of flowers, he often picks off the first blossom-buds, and turns all the strength of the plant to leaves and roots."

Little Georgiana looked quite thoughtful.

"My dear," said her mother, "I am going to tell you something now, that I hope you will always remember. This flowering of plants is like some other things that I want you to notice In educating you, there are many pleasures and pursuits, innocent in themselves, and beautiful as the blossoms of a flower, that I restrain you from, not because I do not like them, but because I think for you to have them now would have the same effect on your character that too early blossoms would on a delicate plant.

"You would like to spend your time in reading story-books, in going on visits, in attending shows and concerts, and many such things, which may all be pleasant enough in themselves; but instead of all these, you have to spend your strength in duties and lessons, at home, and at school. You are doing now what a plant is—you are making roots, and leaves, and branches; and, when your mind and character are formed, blossoming may not hurt you.

"Sometimes a gardener cares nothing about the strength of a plant. His only object is to get a show of fine flowers immediately. He keeps it warm, waters with stimulating nourishment, and turns all its strength to flowering. In this way beautiful flowers are made; but when their transient bloom is withered, the plant is a poor, withered, unsightly thing, whose vitality is all expended. So some parents and teachers bring up children to care only for pleasure, gaiety, and show; and when childhood and youth are past, their vigor is all spent—they are poor, insipid, useless creatures, affording no pleasure or use either to themselves or others.

"But, more than this, what I do for you, is only an emblem of what our Heavenly Father is constantly doing for us all. Our minds are all the while reaching forth and striving after blossoms which He cuts off, not because He does not love flowers, but because He does love them, and wants His immortal plants to gain strength for a thousand, instead of one.

"Here is a mother, for instance, and all the strength of her life is put forth in one fair child—a rosebud of infinite sweetness. All the strength of her soul is going into love for this child. The Heavenly Gardener cuts off this blossom of love, not because He has no pleasure in it, but because He wants the soul that bears it to become a strong soul and capable of a wider sphere of love. You will often see a rose-tree whose buds have been cut off, throwing up a green vigorous shoot, from which multitudes of roses shall spring; and so, when an earthly love has been broken off by death, there springs out of it a love to all mankind—to all who suffer and sorrow.

"So people in this world often have tastes and capabilities, beautiful in themselves, which the circumstances of their lives forbid them to indulge. A mother, for example, has a taste for music, drawing, or literature; but poverty, and the charge of a young family, keeps her confined to the drudgery of ordinary life; but God, the loving Gardener, has fore-ordained all this. He casts her lot thus, not because He has no love for the beautiful tendencies of her mind, but because He would give them a stronger root and wider growth.

"And now, my dear child," said mamma, "remember, if in your life a time should ever come, when all the desires of *your heart are cut off—when* you are forced from all that is lovely and agreeable to you, and confined to all that is repugnant and distasteful—be not discouraged. Think that it is done by the great Gardener of your soul. Your time shall yet come, if not here, at least when He shall transplant you to the skies."—*British Juvenile.*

SELF-DENIAL; OR, THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TREAT.

"Don't stay away very long, Bessie," said little Lucy Mortimer to her sister, who was preparing to join her school fellows in a holiday excursion. "It is so lonely without you, and I am so tired of lying in bed."

Lucy Mortimer was only ten years of age, but she had been for some time confined to her bed by a lingering illness, and her pale face and wasted form bore the marks of great suffering. She was tenderly cared for and watched over by her mother and sisters, who spared no pains in endeavoring to lighten her burden. Bessie, who was twelve years of age, attended regularly at the Sunday-school, and had been looking forward for many weeks to the annual treat, given by Mr. Graham, the good clergyman of S——.

And now the day so long wished for had arrived; the weather was all that could be desired, clear, bright and warm, and Bessie thought with delight of the long ramble in the woods, the merry games, and the comfortable tea which would, she knew, form part of the day's enjoyment.

"I don't see why you need be so dull, Lucy; mother will be with you, and you know I shall bring you lots of flowers, and tell you all I have been doing when I come home; but I must not stay to talk now, or I shall be late, so good-bye;" and giving Lucy and her mother a hasty kiss, Bessie ran off to join her companions.

Bessie did not feel so happy as she thought she should, as she walked towards the school where all the children were to assemble. Her conscience whispered to her that she had not acted quite kindly to her suffering little sister. She tried to put away the unwelcome thought, but it would not do; again and again came into her mind some words spoken by Mr. Graham in school on the previous Sunday, "Even Christ pleased not Himself;" and she remembered he had told them that even children, if they really wished to follow Christ, could find opportunities in daily life for denying themselves, by giving up their up their own pleasure for the sake of helping others, and in other ways.

A hard struggle went on in Bessie's heart as she thought of all this; but at last the desire to do right prevailed, and, with one short though earnest prayer for help, she resolutely turned her steps homewards. She had not gone far before she met two or three of her companions, who laughingly asked her if she had forgotten that they were all to to assemble at three o'clock.

Poor Bessie tried to answer cheerfully that she meant to stay at home and take care of Lucy; but her eyes filled with tears, and without waiting to hear the remarks of the other children, she ran off as fast as she could.

Mrs. Mortimer and Lucy were not a little surprised to see Bessie return after so short an absence, and at first feared some accident must have occured; but in answer to Lucy's questions Bessie threw her arms around her neck, exclaiming:

"Oh, Lucy! I know I was cross and selfish just now; but I have come back to stay with you, and we will have such a happy afternoon together."

Lucy was much distressed when she thought of all the pleasure which her sister had given up for her sake; but she thanked her warmly, and Bessie felt quite rewarded for her act of self-denial when she saw her mother's bright smile of approval; and when she lay down in bed at night, it was with the happy consciousness that she had been trying to follow the example of Him who "pleased not Himself."—*British Juvenile.*

The Family Circle.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH HIM?

BY MARY D. BRINE.

What *shall* I do with the mischievous hands,
That are never idle the whole day through?
What with the fat little fingers ten
What, oh! what shall I do
Into mischief from morn till night,
Leaving the wrong and scorning the right—
Such wee, med lesome hands! Ah me!
What can the remedy be?

What shall I do with the troublesome feet,
That all day long into mischief stray—
Little white feet, that restlessly spurn
Mother's commands each day?
Running away, now here, now there,
Giving Mamma such trouble and care—
Such wee, wandering feet! Ah me!
What must the remedy be

What shall I do with the little king
Who rules the household? The wee, wee boy,
The mischievous, naughty, and precious elf,
Half nuisance, yet wholly joy.
Love him, till love with a new delight
Shall lead the wandering fo tes aright,
And teach the meddlesome hands the way
To be useful and good ad day.

Ah! how lonely this earth would be
If it held no babies, my boy, like thee,
If no little feet ran hither and thither,
Leading our hearts, we know not whither,
If no little fingers, on mischef bent,
Into our hom s, alas! were sent,
If, in fact, there were babies none
The joy of living indeed were gone.
N. Y. Independent.

MICE AT PLAY.

Four children sat around a wood-fire, in an old-fashioned country house The red embers blazed up merrily, and showed four flushed little faces, four very tangled heads of hair, eight bright, merry eyes, and—I regret extremely to add—eight very dirty little hands, belonging, respectively, to Bess, Bob, Archie, and Tom Mamma was away, you may be sure If she were at home, the children would have made a very different appearance Oh yes, indeed, quite and entirely different.

The round table was wheeled in front of the fire, and the student lamp in the centre shed its light on Tom's letter, which he was writing to his mother.

Archie was leaning back in the large chair, his arm, which he had broken in riding the trick mule of the circus the day before, was in splint; but, judging from the rapid disappearance of the gingerbread on the plate near him, it is to be doubted if trick mules or broken arms seriously impair the appetite.

"Bess, stop jogging the table! How on earth or a fellow write with you around?"

"Read what you've written," said Bess.

"Yes, do," chimed in Archie They were both anxious to know what account their mother would receive of their performance.

"Wait till it's done," answered Tom. Writing a letter was no *joke* for Thomas Bradley, junior.

"Won't you tell her I dropped the tea-pot down the well?" asked Bob.

"Oh, did you?" cried Tom, Bess and Archie, all in a breath.

Bob nodded his head, and looked at them all with a calm stare

"Which one?" asked the three children, anxiously

"The big silver one," said Bob.

"How? Why? What were you doing with it?"

"The gardener wouldn't lend me the watering pot, and I wanted to water my garden, so I went to fill it at the well, and the bucket hit it right over into the well. It was the bucket's fault I ain't to blame."

"That's the worst scrape yet," said Bess. "For if I did get lost, I was found again; and if I did tear my clothes, they are all mended now; and if Archie did break his arm, he's got it mended now, too, but the teapot! That's dropped down the well, and there it is."

Bessie's argument was convincing There was no more to be said.

After a while Tom's letter was finished, and ran as follows

"DEAR MAMMA I wish you was home We have dun a good many bad things Bess got lost in the woods, and most drowned in Rainy Pond I shot Kate thru the head with a squirt of water, and most killed her. Archie broke his arm trying to ride the trik mule at the cirkis. Bob has done worst of all. But I sed I wooden't tell that Bob has dun a dredful thing but I sed I wooden't tel so I won't It's orful Papa is very good to us, and don't make us wash too much. The bred is orful; Maggy is cross. But we're all well except Archy's arm, and Dr Jarvis says if he don't get fever he will get wel. Your loving son,

TOM.

"P. S. You will feel orful bad about what Bob s dun."

The next morning all four children were gathered around the well, at the bottom of which lay the silver teapot.

"I see it, I see it!" cried Tom, eagerly. "It's down at the bottom."

"Did you suppose it would float?" asked Bess.

"Let me see," cried Bob.

"You clear out," said Archie, "you've made all this mischief. You'd better go before you tumble in yourself, you little goose. I can't go after it, with my broken arm."

Meanwhile Bess had gone to the house for a long fishing-pole, and soon returned carrying it.

"We'll fasten a hook to the end of it and fish the teapot up," said she.

"Ho, ho! Do you suppose it will bite like a fish?" laughed Tom.

"No, I do not, Tom Bradley. But I suppose if I tie a string to the pole, and fasten an iron hook to one end, that I can wiggle it around in the water, till the hook catches in the handle, and then we can draw it up. That's what I su, pose."

"There's something in that, Bess. Let me try."

"No; go and get one for yourself."

"But where can I find one?"

"In the smoke-house, where I got mine."

"Oh, get me one, too," cried Bob.

"And me one, too," cried Archie.

Before half an hour had passed, the four children, all armed with fishing-poles, were intently wiggling in the water, catching their hooks in the stones by the side of the well entangling their lines, digging their elbows in each other's sides, in their frantic attempts to pull their hooks loose, scolding, pushing, and getting generally excited.

Every few minutes Tom would pull Bess back by her sun-bonnet and save her from tumbling over in her eagerness; but so far from being grateful to her deliverer, Bess resented the treatment indignantly.

"Stop jerking my head so!" she cried.

"You'll be in, in a minute; you'd have been in then if I hadn't jerked you," answered Tom.

"Well, what if I had? Let me alone. If I go in, that's my own look-out."

"Your own look in, you mean. My gracious! wouldn't you astonish the toads down there! But you'd get your face clean."

"Now, Tom, you let me be. I'most had it that time."

"So you've said *forty times*. This is all humbug. I'm going down on the rope for it."

"Oh, no, Tom, please don't. Indeed you'll be drowned, the rope will break; you'll kill yourself, you'll catch cold," cried Bess, in alarm.

"Pooh! girl! coward!" retorted thankless Tom. "Who's afraid of that? Stand back, small boys, I'm going in."

"You'll poison the water," suggested Archie.

"It will be so cold," moaned Bob.

"I'll scream for a hundred years without stopping, Tom," cried Bess, wildly. "You shan't go down—you shan't; I'll call some one. Murray! Peter! Maggie! *c-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-me! O-o-o-o-h, c-o-o-o-o-o-o-me!*"

"Stop screaming and help. Now, do you three hold on tight to this bucket; don't let go for a moment; pull away as hard as you can when I tell you to. Now for it."

And, without more ado, Tom clung to the other rope with his hands, and twisted his feet around the bucket handle.

"Hold on tight and let me down easy," said Tom, and the three children lowered him little by little.

A sudden splash and shiver told them he had reached water, and a shout of triumph declared that the teapot was rescued.

As Tom shouted, all the children let go the rope, and rushed to the side of the well to look at the victorious hero.

It was a most fortunate circumstance that the water in the well was low. As it was, he stood in the cold water up to his shoulders.

"What made you let go?" roared Tom

"O, Tom, have you got it? Have you really? Ain't it cold? Are you hurt? Were you scared? Is the teapot broken?"

"Draw me up! You silly children. You goose of a Bess! Why don't you draw me up?

"I will, Tom, I'm going to," answered Bess.

But all the united efforts could not raise Tom.

"I'll run next door and call Mr. Wilson," said Bess, hopefully, and started.

As Bess ran, she was suddenly stopped at the gate by the sight of a carriage which had just driven up, and out of which now stepped Aunt Maria and Aunt Maria's husband, Uncle Daniel. These were the very grimmest and grandest of all relations.

For one awful moment Bess stood stunned Then her anxiety for Tom overcame every other consideration, and before Aunt Maria could say, "How do you do, Elizabeth?" she had caught her uncle by his august coat tail, and, in a piteous voice, besought him to come and pull on the rope.

"Pull on the rope, Elizabeth!" said Uncle Daniel, who was a very slow man; "why should I pull on a rope, my dear?"

"Oh, come quick! hurry faster! Tom's down in the well!" cried Bess.

"Tom down in a well! How did he get there?"

"He went down for the teapot," sobbed Bess, "the silver teapot," and we can't pull him up again, and he's cramped with cold. Oh, do hurry!"

Uncle Daniel leisurely looked down at Tom. Then he slowly took off his coat, and as slowly carried it into the house, stopped to give an order to his coachman, came with measured pace to the three frightened children; then took hold of the rope, gave a long, strong, calm pull, and in an instant, Tom, "dripping with coolness, arose from the well".—*Interior*

SITTING DOWN.

BY JENNIE M. DRINKWATER.

Theodora drew on her gloves as if the action wearied her. Mrs. Gesner was thinking that she did not look strong enough to be sitting up. As the button of Theodora's glove flew off, she repressed the impatient and nervous exclamation that almost uttered itself, bent down and picked up the button, saying, with a smile that tried hard not to be pitiful: "I am so cross nowadays that I feel wicked all the time."

"Sit still and rest. I've been thinking that I would like to put you to bed and feed you with a spoon."

"Oh! no, I'm not so tired. A brisk walk will rest me," she returned, rising, with an effort. "It was midnight when I turned off the gas last night; and I had to be up early this morning, to see to father's breakfast. I'm full of business these days."

"This is a busy age," replied Mrs. Gesner, dropping her work and folding her hands. "In an age so full of bustle and racket, so full of *doing* and so barren in *being*, I wonder how people find time to be still before God and to hear his voice. If he say, 'Hush, be quiet and listen!' they have no ears to hear. The ears are full of human voices. They would not dare to treat another *friend* so."

"Do you mean me?" asked Theodora, glancing away from the clock.

"I mean you and every other too-busy worker. I mean every mother and father, every teacher, every minister, every writer, every woman who has a special work, and every man and woman who has not a special work. I mean every human being who works so hard in serving man that they forget that to hear when God speaks to them is his will above all. He can feed the hungry without human aid; he can teach the ignorant without using man's poor wisdom, but when he would speak to his children, he will not speak unless they are willing 'to stop and listen.'"

"He can make us hear through the bustle and racket," said Theodora, uneasily, rubbing the white door-knob with her fingers.

"Yes, if he ordain the bustle and racket. Do you not think that we often make the racket ourselves?"

Racket! Her work for him! Why did not Mrs. Gesner call it rubbish?

The pained face and drooping figure were not a pleasant contemplation. Mrs. Gesner found her work prettier to look at.

"Now, my dear, tell me what your plan is for the remainder of the day."

Theodora looked at the clock. It was nearly three o'clock. Her voice was somewhat husky, perhaps. Mrs. Gesner would think her work a bustle and a racket.

"I must call on Rachel Christopher. She was not at Sunday-school last Sunday. I must go to a book-store and find a picture-book for a little lame boy in our block. I must visit an old blind man and read awhile to him. I must call at St Luke's, to see Sarah Merchant. She has been sick there four or five months. I must be home at *supper-time*, to make mother's toast. I must go to prayer-meeting this evening. And then I must come home and finish Minnie's waterproof, and answer three or four letters; and then—"

"Where is the time for Christ?"—interrupted Mrs. Gesner, gravely and gently.

"It's *all* his time," faltered Theodora, flushing and rubbing the door-knob.

"Oh, it is! You will feel more like crying to night than praising him. And, as you cannot fall asleep buying picture-books, visiting hospitals, or reading to a blind man, making a waterproof or writing letters, you will fall asleep on your knees, with your prayer half uttered, and creep into bed feeling that you have done him so much service that he does not ask your heart toward him, or feeling dreadfully wicked because you cannot keep awake while you pray. The sleepy communion with him at night is the 'her half of the hurried prayer of the morning."

Theodora looked as if she were hesitating between laughter and tears

"*Can* I help it?" she asked, in some vexation.

"Help what? Serving your neighbor and forgetting God?"

"I thought serving my neighbor *was* serving him," Theodora answered, spiritedly.

"So it is, when he bids it so. But he is a tender lover and cares for a return. We may love him for his own sake, as well as love his brethren for his sake"

"I never thought of that," confessed Theodora. "I thought that he wanted me to keep busy."

"Keep busy about his business, but not about your own If he says that you serve him best with taking no time to study his will, with no time for speaking to him alone, then, child, go on. You are doing his will. But he spent a whole night in communion with his Father. There were lepers and blind that needed helping, sinners sinning against God that very night. But he left them all to give himself—every thought, every feeling—wholly to God. And if he, the sinless, needed that, craved that, oh! how much more do we!"

"I thought I was right," murmured Theodora.

"Do you love him best of all? Do you feel always near him.?"

"No. I'm too wicked and tired and criscross."

"You treat him as if he were a very hard master. Suppose, tired as you are, I kept you standing, waiting on me, and would not let you sit down. I would not treat my Bridget as you act as if your Master were treating you."

There was a chair near the door. Theodora glanced at the clock, then dropped into the comfortable and comforting cushions of the chair.

"Do you remember that once, after the people had been three days with the Lord, and he had healed them and taught them, amid great rejoicings, that he would not send them away fasting to their homes, fearing that they might faint by the way?"

"Yes, I know."

"Suppose they had said 'Oh, no Thank you, Master, I really can't stop to eat. I don't mind fainting by the way. I want to go home, to tell everybody how good you are. I want the neighbors to see that Aaron can speak with his loosened tongue, and that Miriam can walk as well as before she was sick. And I want to tell everybody in the town all the gracious words that have come out of your mouth."

Theodora smiled. "I don't believe that anybody was so foolish as to run away from the bread that he made for them."

"Nor I, not in those days. So he bade them all *sit down*. Wasn't it pleasant to sit down and wait and be ready for his bread? He was not a hard Master th. ."

Theodora arose, without looking at the clock.

"I will go home and rest awhile," she said.—*N. Y. Independent.*

CARPINGS.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

In their early discipleship Christ's followers though their Master was constantly with them were perpetually making failures, and stumbling where their steps should have been firm and unfaltering. Yet we do not learn that the Saviour reproached them with the assertion that they were unworthy to be called his disciples.

But somehow, in the world's mechanical effort to adapt Christ's teachings to the merest requisites of outward morality, instead of following it out in its beautiful fulness, they totally ignore his loving charity for us on earth, in exactly the same degree that they shut out the beam of self and bring into conspicuous notice the mote of their fellows.

"Look at John Smith," cries the World with virtuous indignation; "he calls himself a Christian, yet he's constantly quarrelling with Jones and Brown. I don't see that his ugly temper is any way bettered by his conversion."

Taking the assertion *cum grano salis*, it is nevertheless true that John Smith gives way to anger at most unexpected and unreasonable times, but the watchful World, while this is apparent, is utterly ignorant of the man's secret prayers for help against his most besetting sin; it does not know of his inward remorse

any more than it is aware of the victories, which, through his Helper, he has attained to.

"The hardest men I have to deal with in trade," again says the World with ill-concealed triumph, "are some of your professing Christians." And then it fluently narrates personal anecdotes of A.'s parsimony, B.'s disputations as to prices, C.'s refusal to pay his proportion of the minister's salary, cutting it down one half because his sermons were not the length of a former pastor's, and, perhaps, winds up with an intimation that D. would not scruple to lie if, perchance, he could gain a few cents in a bargain thereby.

Now, I will be charitable enough not to suppose for a moment that the World has in any degree purposely overstated or exaggerated these deflections of my brethren, but if Christianity be a failure through these glaring faults, then indeed, was Christ's earthly pilgrimage futile by the lapses of Peter and the heinous crime of Judas.

"But they profess such great things," argues the World. But the World with whom I am holding converse, itself professes an outward morality; yet it is patent to all observers that quite often it falls far short of its profession.

It is, unfortunately, too true that there are moral natures so warped by inherited and inborn traits of character that even God's grace seems in this world never to straighten them into symmetry, that is, if we judge them by the surface life. How it might be could we see His workings in their inner nature, we know not.

And the carping World, putting behind it with easy assurance the multitude of consistent Christian lives which it knows and has known, the humility and self-sacrifice which it sees and has seen, places in full prominence the faultiness of so-called Christians, exclaiming with a loud voice, "God, I thank thee that I am not as these other men, extortioners, unjust," while the really repentant disciple, turning his eyes inward and smiting his breast, cries, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner."

True it is also that there are the self-righteous and the hypocrite; but, my dear World, these are not, as you charitably suggest, the fruits of Christianity. Ah, no, they are rather the sure indications of its absence, a most deplorable lack truly, but one which, in the final adjustment, will in no way advantage you to whom judgment will be meted out according to the measure of your own lives.

I seek in no wise to excuse or cover the failings which I deplore in myself and my brother Christians; for while I believe, as I have said, that there are some natures which in life may never lose their inherent characteristics, though holding them in abeyance, there are a far greater majority who, living professedly Christian lives, are satisfied if they keep clean the outside of the cup and platter, though making no special effort toward purifying the inside.—*Ill. Chris. Weekly.*

A DAY'S MARCH THROUGH FINLAND.

When I first made the acquaintance of Viborg, a journey thither from St. Petersburg, though the distance by land is only about eighty miles, was no light undertaking. The daring traveller who elected to travel by road had no choice but to provide himself with abundant wrappings and a good stock of food, draw his strong boots up to his knee, fortify his inner man with scalding tea or fiery corn-whiskey, and struggle through axle-deep mud or breast-high snow (according to the season), sometimes for two days together. "*Mais nous avons changé tout cela.*" Two trains run daily from St. Petersburg, covering the whole distance in about four hours, and the stations along the line, though bearing marks of hasty construction, are still sufficiently comfortable and well supplied with provisions. Thanks to this direct communication with the capital, Viborg is now completely *au fait* of the news of the day, and all fashionable topics are canvassed as eagerly on the promenade of this little Finnish seaport as along the pavements of the Nevski Prospect.

"We must breakfast early to-morrow, mind," says P—— as we settle into our respective beds, "for a march in the sun here is no joke, you bet!"

"Worse than in Arabia or South America!" ask I with calm scorn.

"You'll find the north of Russia a pretty fair match for both at this season. Do you happen to know that one of the hottest places in the world is Archangulsk on the White Sea? In summer the pitch melts off the vessels like batter, and the mosquitoes are so thick that the men on board the grain-ships fairly burrow into the corn for shelter.* Good-night! Sharp six to-morrow, mind!"

Accordingly, the early daylight finds us tramping along the edge of the picturesque little creek (dappled here and there with wood-crowned islets) in order to get well into our work before the sun is high in the sky, for a forty-miles march, knapsack on shoulder, across a difficult country, in the heat of a real Russian summer, is not a thing to be trifled with, even by men who have seen Turkey and Syria. A sudden turn of the road soon blots out the sea, and we plunge at once into the green, silent depths of the northern forest.

It is characteristic of the country that, barely out of sight of one of the principal ports of Finland, we are in the midst of a loneliness as utter as if it had never been broken by man. The only tokens of his presence are the narrow swathe of road running between the dim, unending files of the shadowy pine trees, and the tall wooden posts, striped black and white like zebras, which mark the distance in versts from Viborg, the verst being two-thirds of a mile.

To an unpractised eye the marvellous smoothness and hardness of this forest highway (unsurpassed by any macadamized road in England) might suggest a better opinion of the local civilization than it deserves, for in this case it is the soil, not the administration, that merits all the credit. In granite-paved Finland, as in limestone-paved Barbadoes Nature has already laid down your road in a way that no human engineering can rival, and all you have to do is to smooth it to your own liking.

And now the great panorama of the far North—a noble change from the flat, unending monotony of the Russian steppes—begins in all its splendor. At one moment we are buried in a dark depth of forest, shadowy and spectral as those which haunt us in the weird outlines of Retzsch; the next minute we burst upon an open valley, bright with fresh grass, and with a still, shining lake slumbering in the centre, the whole picture framed in a background of sombre woods. Here rise giant boulders of granite, crested with spreading pines—own brothers, perhaps, of the block dragged hence eighty years ago from which the greatest of Russian rulers still looks down upon the city that bears his name; there, bluffs of wooded hill rear themselves above the surrounding sea of foliage, and at times the roadside is dotted with the little wooden hut of the natives, whence wooden-faced women, turbaned with colored handkerchiefs, and white-headed children, in nothing but a short night-gown with a warm lining of dirt, stare wonderingly at us as we go striding past. And over all hangs the clear, pearly-gray northern sky.

One hour is past, and still the air keeps moderately fresh, although the increasing glare warns us that it will be what I once heard a British tourist call "more hotterer" by and by. So far, however we have not turned a hair, and the second hour's work matches the first to an inch. As we pass through the little hamlet which marks the first quarter of our allotted distance we instinctively pull out our watches: "Ten miles in two hours! Not so bad, but we must keep it up."

By the middle of the fourth hour we are marching with coats off and sleeves rolled up, like amateur butchers, and although our "pace" is as good as ever, the elastic swing of our first start is now replaced by that dogged, "hard-and-heavy" tramp which marks the point where the flesh and the spirit begin to pull in opposite directions. Were either of us alone, the pace would probably slacken at once, and each may safely say in his heart, as Condorcet said of the dying D'Alembert, "Had I not been there he *must* have flinched!"

But just as the fourth hour comes to an end we come round a sharp bend in the road, and there before us lies the quaint little log-built post-house (the "halfway house" in very truth), with its projecting roof and painted front and striped doorposts; just at which auspicious moment I stumble and twist my foot.

"You were right to reserve that performance to the last," remarks P—— with a grin, helping me to the door; and we order a *samovar* (tea-urn) to be heated, while we ourselves indulge in a scrambling wash of the rudest kind, but very refreshing nevertheless.

Reader, did you ever walk five miles an hour for four hours together over a hilly country, with the thermometer eighty-three degrees in the shade? If so, then will you appreciate our satisfaction as we throw aside our heavy boots, plunge our swollen feet into cold water, and, with coats off and collars thrown open, sit over our tea and black bread in that quaint little cross-beamed room, with an appetite never excited by the best *plats* of the Ein-Herzog Karl or the Trois Frères Provençaux.

Our meal being over and my foot still unfit for active service, we order a *telyaygie* (cart) and start anew for Imatra Fost. Our vehicle is simply a wooden tray on wheels, with a bag of hay in it, on which we do our best to recline, while our driver perches himself on the edge of the cart, thereby doubtless realizing vividly the sensation of rowing hard in a pair of thin unmentionables. Thanks to the perpetual gaps in the road formed by the great thaw two months ago (the Finnish winter ending about the beginning of May), during the greater part of the ride we play an animated though involuntary game of cup-and-ball, being thrown up and caught again incessantly. At length a dull roar, growing ever louder and louder, breaks the dreamy stillness of the forest, and before long we come to a little chalet-like inn embosomed in trees, where we alight, for this is the "Imatra Hotel."

Let us cast one glance out of the back window before sitting down to supper (in a long, bare, chilly chamber like a third-class waiting-room), for such a view is not seen every day. We are on the very brink of a deep, narrow gorge, the upper part of which is so thickly clad with pines as to resemble the crest of some gigantic helmet, but beneath the naked granite stands out in all its grim barrenness, lashed by the spray of the mighty torrent that roars between its projecting rocks. Just below us, the river, forced back by a huge boulder in the centre of its course, literally piles itself up into a kind of liquid mound, heaving, flashing and trembling incessantly, the ceaseless motion and tremendous din of the rapids having an indescribably bewildering effect.

The sight of the country, however, is undoubtedly the natives themselves. Their tawny skins, rough yellow hair and coarse flat faces would look uninviting enough to those who have never seen a Kalmuck or a Samoyede, but, despite their diet of dried fish and bread mixed with sawdust, both men and women are remarkably healthy and capable of surprising feats of strength and endurance. They make great use of bark for caps, shoes, plates, etc., in the making of which they are very skilful. As to their dress, it baffles description, and the horror of my friend the ex-chasseur at his first glimpse of it was as good as a play. On one occasion he was criticising severely the "rig" of some passing natives: "*Voilà un qui porte un pantalon et point de bottes—un autre qui a des bottes et point de pantalon; peut-être que le troisième n'aura ni l'un ni autre!*" At last came one with a pair of boots almost big enough to go to sea in, and turned up like an Indian canoe. Our critic eyed them in silence for a moment, and then said with a shudder, "*Ce sont des bottes impossibles!*"

But there needs only a short journey here to show the folly of further annexations on the part of Russia while those already made are so lamentably undeveloped. Finland, which, rightly handled, might be one of the Czar's richest possessions, is now, after nearly seventy years' occupation, as unprofitable as ever. Post-roads, scarce enough in the South, are absolutely wanting in the North. Steam navigation on the Gulf of Bothnia extends only to Uleaborg, and is, so far as I can learn, actually non-existent on the great lakes, except between Tanasthuus and Tammerfors. Such is the state of a land containing boundless water-power, countless acres of prime timber, countless shiploads of splendid granite. But what can be expected of an untaught population under two millions left to themselves in an unreclaimed country nearly as large as France?

Helsingfors can now be reached from St. Petersburg, *vis* Viborg, in fourteen and a half hours, but what is one such to line the boundless emptiness of Finland? The fearful lesson of 1869 will not be easily forgotten, when all the horrors of famine were let loose at once upon the unhappy province. Seed-corn was exhausted, bread became dear, dearer still, and then failed altogether. Men, women and children, struggling over snowy moors and frozen lakes toward the distant towns in which lay their only chance of life, dropped one by one on the long march of death, and were devoured ere they were cold by the pursuing wolves. Nor did the survivors fare much better; some reached the haven of refuge only to fall dead in its very streets. Other gorged themselves with unwholesome food, and died with it in their mouths. Fields lying waste; villages depeopled; private houses turned into hospitals; fever-parched skeletons tottering from the doors of over-crowded asylums; children wandering about in gaunt and squalid nakedness; crowds of men, frenzied by prolonged misery and ripe for any outrage, roaming the streets night and day,—such were the scenes enacted throughout the length of Finland during two months and a half.

But better days are now dawning on the afflicted land. Roads and railways are being pushed forward into the interior, and the ill-judged attempts formerly made to Russianize the population have given place to a more conciliatory policy. A Russian from Helsingfors tells me that lectures are being delivered there, and extracts from native works read in the aboriginal tongue, that it is being treated with special attention in the great schools of Southern Finland, that there has even been some talk of dramatic representations in Finnish at the Helsingfors theatre. Such a policy is at once prudent and generous, and far better calculated to bind together the heterogeneous races of the empire than that absurd "Pan-slavism" which is best translated as "making every one a slave."—*David Ker, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

* A fact.

FORGIVE YOUR FRIENDS.

It is said again and again that it is the duty of a man to forgive his enemies. That is true. But there is another duty equally as plain and sometimes more difficult—to forgive your friends. Not your false friends, but those who are your true ones, and who have shown their friendship in many ways.

Our friends tax our patience sorely sometimes. They say and do things which it is hard for us to understand. They presume upon our friendship and tease us, they cross our pathway, and they fail when we depend upon them. Out of pure friendship they tell us things which annoy us, and their thoughtlessness inflicts a wound as deep as that which malice itself can make. Sometimes we marvel at the strange conduct of our friends. We are puzzled to explain it, and all that we can do is to forgive. No light word or strange deed of theirs shall break the tie which through years of intercourse was slowly formed.

One day, in a confidential mood, we wrote a private letter to a friend. It contained a defence of our conduct which some enemy had publicly assailed. What does our friend do but print the letter, and then send us a copy of the paper, with a letter, which said, "I deemed it due to you that your satisfactory defence should be published. Pardon me if I have done wrong." We forgave him, but it was an effort, for we smarted under the mischief which he wrought.

Another friend makes you the butt of his wit. He loves you, so he nicknames you in the presence of strangers. He gives you a good-natured thump. He throws the rays of his wit on your foibles, and raises a laugh in the company at your expense. He pursues that line of conduct until you are driven to calling him to account. Then he is hurt and grieved that you should doubt for a moment the sincerity and depth of his friendship. He would risk his life, he says, to save yours. He says truly; so you forgive him.

Another friend, almost breathless, hastens to meet you. "Mr. A.," he begins, "said in my hearing the other day a very ill-natured thing about you." You beg him to stop, as you do not wish to hear what was said, but you beg in vain. "I am your friend, and must tell you." And so he quotes a malicious remark, which ought not to have been repeated, and which makes you excessively uncomfortable. Then he asks you to forgive him if in his friendly zeal he did wrong to repeat this precious bit of personal gossip, and you forgive him.

But the friend that is the hardest to forgive is he who feels it to be his duty to be your faithful critic, and to tell you of all your faults. He uses no judgment about the matter. His eyes are always open and staring, and his tongue is always moving. He sees something odd about your dress, something awkward in your manners, something ungrammatical in your speech, and you wonder what there is about you that he likes. He is worse than an accusing conscience, and in your loftiest tone you call him to order. "Pardon me for my criticisms," he says, "for they are well intentioned, and faithful are the wounds of a friend." What can you do but pardon him?

Forgive your friends! If you find it hard to do this, Oh think how often they have forgiven you!—*Methodist.*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

XX.

Curiously hinged and jointed
To its fellow hangs my first;
To preserve man's life appointed,
When the ground, through sin, was cursed;
Yet it never
Fails to deal destruction round,
To whatever
May within its reach be found.

With substantial fabrication
Is my unseen second blest;
Made a wondrous habitation,
For a still more wondrous guest:
Framed to cherish
Force of arm—the warrior's trust;
Doomed to perish—
Earth to earth, and dust to dust!

From a feeble creature taken,
Once my whole appeared in sight;
And by strength vindictive shaken,
Slew a thousand in the fight;
'Twas selected
To rebuke the Gentiles' pride;
Soon rejected,
Like a weapon cast aside.

—For evildoers shall be cut off; but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.—Psalm 37: 9.

TWO THINGS AT A TIME.

"One thing at a time, and do it well," is an old maxim, which has wisdom in it, as most such old saws have. But there is another side to the subject. Sometimes we can do two things at a time, and do them well, as reading and knitting, for instance. It requires only practice to make this very easy, and the hands can mechanically go on with their work, while the mind gives it no attention. When I was ten years old I was thrown from a carriage and broke my ankle. It was many months before I could run about as usual, and my time was mostly spent in knitting. I had not learned to sew yet, and doing nothing was the hardest work I ever did. I was fond of reading, and I found that the two employments could go together very well. Indeed, the *faster* I read the faster my fingers flew over the needles. Philosophers say we cannot think of two things at once, but I know I used to keep the run of my "narrowings," and even count off my stitches, without looking off my book or breaking the thread of my story. Very likely the mind can turn so quickly from one subject to another sometimes, that it may seem to have both in the mind at once. I acquired a taste for reading that winter which has staid by me ever since, and also a care in keeping more than one thing well "in hand," which has been a great time-saver.

It is not well to have too many kinds of work around at once; but one may profitably have several begun, which can be taken up at suitable times, and thus all the odd minutes be saved. Light fancy work is not out of the way when a friend drops in for a half hour's chat, and o[ne] may save up "trimmings" for such occasio[ns]. Heavier pieces of work should be kept for regular sewing hours and the reading room. Working women learn to carry on a great many operations at about the same time. While they are watching the pies bake they will snatch time to do many other small pieces of work, which help a great deal in "putting work along." Those who can do but one thing at a time are about the slowest kind of workers. It is a good rule to complete whatever you undertake at the earliest possible moment. There is such a satisfaction in finishing off anything, besides the convenience of having it done. Do not be afraid of having too many irons in the fire, if you only sharpen your attention and keep them all in motion

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ESTRANGEMENT FROM GOD.—The longer we neglect writing to an absent friend, the less mind we have to set about it. So, the more we neglect private prayer and closet communion with God, the more shy we grow in our approaches to Him. Nothing breeds a greater strangeness between the soul and God than the restraining of prayer before Him. And nothing would renew the blessed intimacy, if God Himself, the neglected party, did not, as it were, send us a letter of expostulation from heaven, and sweetly chide us for our negligence. Then we melt, then we kindle, and the blissful intercourse gradually opens as usual.

— A writer in the *Sunday School Chronicle*, of London, tells of these lines, as printed on a placard suspended in his school-room, for the purpose of "reminding old scholars, and informing new ones, what is expected from them:

Silence is required when the bell is rung.
Singing is desired whilst the hymn is sung.
Reverence during prayer, in attitude and thought:
Attention in the class, all eager to be taught

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1877 by Edwin W Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON IX.

AUGUST 26.]

PAUL AT ATHENS [About 52 A. D.]

READ Acts xvii. 22-34. RECITE vs. 24-26, 30, 31.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—Acts xvii. 22-34. T.—Acts vii. 37-50. W.—Ps. l. 1-15. Th.—Deut. xxxii. 1-18. F.—Isa. xl. 18-27. Se.—1 Pet. iv. 1-11. S.—Acts xxiv. 14-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.—For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.—1 Tim. ii. 5.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—God requires repentance, not ignorant worship.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Paul, again in danger of an assault from the Jews at Thessalonica, was conveyed by the Christians to Athens, where he waited for Silas and Timothy; he preached to the Athenians.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice the wisdom of Paul in praising the Athenians for being religious and thus indicating them to hear of the true God.

NOTES.—*Ath-ens*, once the capital of Attica, and the most noted city in all Greece named after the goddess Athena or Minerva. It was the centre of learning; was "given to idolatry, having 30,000 idols." Petronius said, "It was easier to find a god in Athens than to find a man." *Mars Hill or Ar-e-op'-a-gus*, a rocky hill in Athens where court was held and public questions discussed Acts xvii 18,19 *Altar*, for offerings to idol gods. The object or purpose of the altar was sometimes written on its side. *Di-o-ny'-si-us*, one of the judges, a member of the court of Areopagus. Tradition says he was bishop of Athens, and died a martyr. *Dam'-a-ris*, some suppose her to be the wife of Dionysius; more probably she was a woman of wealth or good repute.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE UNKNOWN GOD DECLARED (II.) REPENTANCE COMMANDED. (III.) MOCKERS AND BELIEVERS.

I THE UNKNOWN GOD DECLARED. (22.) MARS HILL, see Notes; MEN OF ATHENS, literally "Athenian gentlemen," TOO SUPERSTITIOUS, or more correctly "very religious." (23) PASSED BY, or along your streets; TO THE UNKNOWN GOD, or literally "God the unknown;" IGNORANTLY, or "not knowing ye worship." (24.) IN TEMPLES, literally "in hand-made temples" or "shrines." (25.) WORSHIPPED, "is cared for" is the more exact idea. —*(Alexander.)* (26.) ONE BLOOD, Athenians thought they were of a better race than others; DETERMINED, etc., "having fixed the appointed seasons and limits of their abode."—*(Hackett.)* (27.) FEEL AFTER HIM, as if groping in the dark (28.) YOUR OWN POETS, Aratus and Cleanthes, two Greek poets. (29) GRAVEN, like the statues of gods which filled the streets and squares of Athens.

1 QUESTIONS.—How was Paul brought to Athens? For whom did he wait there? What see? Why speak on Mars Hill? Describe Athens. Mars Hill. State the meaning of "too superstitious" The number of idols in Athens. What altar did Paul see? Whom did he declare? Why? Where did God not dwell? How shown? What things had God given? What made? What fixed? How was he sought? How near and about us? What Greeks had said this? Why was God not like idols?

II REPENTANCE COMMANDED. (30) WINKED AT, or rather "overlooked;" ALL MEN, Greeks as well as Jews. (31.) APPOINTED, set, fixed a day; BY THAT MAN, through that person; ORDAINED, appointed.

II. QUESTIONS.—State the meaning of "winked at." What had God overlooked? What now commanded? In view of what day? Who was the appointed judge? How would he judge? What proof had been given that Christ would be the judge?

III MOCKERS AND BELIEVERS. (32.) RESURRECTION MOCKED, most Greek philosophers believed as Æschylus said. "Once dead, there is no resurrection;" HEAR THEE AGAIN, may be a polite refusal to hear more, or possibly an offer to hear at another time. (33.) PAUL DEPARTED, no other opportunity for them is recorded. (34.) CLAVE, joined Paul, the word implies that they were opposed; AREOPAGITE, a member of the Greek court held on Areopagus or Mars Hill, see Notes; DAMARIS, see Notes.

III. QUESTIONS.—Why did some mock? What was the common belief of the Greeks as to a resurrection? What said others of the Greeks? What did they probably mean? Who joined Paul? State the position of Dionysius. Give the Central Truth.

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) Not to insult or abuse those who differ from us in religion?

(2.) To declare faithfully and kindly unto them the true religion?

(3.) To be thankful for the light of the gospel?

(4.) That God requires repentance of all in America, England, everywhere?

ILLUSTRATION.—*View from Mars Hill.* As Paul stood on Mars Hill the temple of Eumenides was below him; behind him, eastward, the temple of Theseus; facing him, he beheld the Propylæa of the Acropolis, and the Parthenon, upon the Acropolis above. The temple of Victory was on his right, and a countless multitude of temples and altars in the Agora, below him. Above him, on the rock of the Acropolis, was the bronze colossus of Minerva, armed with spear, shield, and helmet, the champion of Athens. Standing almost beneath its shade, the courageous apostle pronounced that the Deity is not to be likened to that, the work of Phidias, or to other forms "in gold, silver, or stone, graven by art or man's device," which crowded the scene before him, and that in temples made with hands the Deity doth not dwell.—*(Condensed from Woodworth.)*

LESSON X.

SEPTEMBER 2.]

PAUL AT CORINTH. [About 52-54 A. D.]

READ Acts xviii. 1-11. RECITE vs. 8, 9, 10.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—Acts xviii. 1-11. T.—2 Thess. iii. 1-13. W.—Matt. x. 7-23. Th.—Ex. iii. 4-21. F.—1 Cor. i. 1-18. Se.—Eph. vi. 10-24. S.—2 Corinthians i.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.—Rom. xii. 11.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord's ministers are of good courage.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Paul left Athens after a short stay (some say only two weeks), and went to Corinth, where he is supposed to have spent a year and a half or two years.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice that Paul regarded honest work as no disgrace; did not allow worldly business to interfere with preaching the gospel; was providentially encouraged and rewarded for his faithfulness.

NOTES.—*Cor-inth*, a famous city; capital of Achaia; the metropolis of Greece; 45 miles south-west of Athens; had two seaports, Cenchrea on the east and Lechæum on the west; was notorious for its immorality and wickedness (1 Cor. v.); had a large and extensive trade and commerce with all countries; the gospel from thence might spread everywhere; is now in ruins; the wretched village of *Gortho* is on its site. *Ag'-ui-la, Priscil'-la*, Jews of Pontus; they lived at Rome, Ephesus, and also at Corinth, Acts xviii. 2, 18, 19; Rom. xvi. 3; were probably wealthy, tradition says Aquila and his wife were beheaded. *Pon'-tus*, an eastern Roman province of Asia Minor, bordering on the Black Sea. *It'-a-ly*, the country still called by that name, of which Rome was the capital. *Claud'-i-us*, fourth emperor of Rome, succeeded Caligula, A. D 41; poisoned by his fourth wife, Agrippina, mother of Nero, A. D. 54 He banished the Jews from Rome, A.D. 52. *Rome*, the capital of the Roman empire; founded about 750 B. C.; said to have had two millions population in Paul's time, of which one million were slaves; had representatives of every nation and religion; under the emperors it became the persecutor of both Jew and Christian. *Tent mak'-ers*, all Jews, however wealthy, were required by rabbinical law to teach their sons useful trades; Saul was taught tent-making. Tents were made of cloth, skins, or leather. *Jus'-tus*, three persons of this name are mentioned in the New Testament. Acts i. 23; xviii. 7; Col. iv 11. *Crisp'-us*, a chief ruler among the officers of the synagogue at Corinth; baptised by Paul. Tradition says he became bishop of Ægina.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) PAUL TENT-MAKING. (II.) PREACHING IN THE SYNAGOGUE. (III.) PREACHING IN THE HOUSE (IV.) ENCOURAGED BY A VISION.

I. PAUL TENT-MAKING. (1.) CORINTH, see Notes. (2.) FOUND, met unexpectedly.—*(Alexander.)* AQUILA . . . PRISCILLA. PONTUS ITALY, see Notes; CLAUDIUS, Claudius Cæsar, the emperor, see Notes; JEWS . . . TO DEPART, the Jews had resisted the Roman army in Palestine, and Claudius probably feared trouble from them at Rome. (3.) SAME CRAFT, trade, art, or employment; WROUGHT, worked. TENT-MAKERS, see Notes.

I. QUESTIONS.—State the title of the last lesson. Of this one Describe Corinth. Whom did Paul meet at Corinth? From what place? From what city later driven? By whom? Of what trade? Where now living? Who worked with them there?

II. PREACHING IN THE SYNAGOGUE. (4.) REASONED, or disputed, Acts xvii. 2, 17; PERSUADED, tried to convince. (5.) SILAS . . . TIMOTHEUS . . . MACEDONIA, see Notes. PRESSED, "urged by some impulse," or "wholly given to the word," is the reading of some MSS. (6.) OPPOSED, a military word meaning "to array against;" BLASPHEMED, "abused" the apostle, or more probably "reviled God," SHOOK HIS RAIMENT, in token of his condemnation of their sins. Matt. x. 14; xxvii. 24; CLEAN, guiltless of your ruin.

II. QUESTIONS.—What did Paul do in the synagogue at Corinth? With whom did he "reason"? How often? Who joined him at Corinth? Where from? State the meaning of "pressed in spirit." What was he "pressed" to do? How was his testimony received? State the act of Paul. Its meaning. His parting statement.

III. PREACHING IN THE HOUSE. (7.) JUSTUS, see Notes; JOINED HARD, old English for "next to," or "close by." (8.) CRISPUS, was one of the few that Paul baptized. 1 Cor. i. 14; See Notes.

III. QUESTIONS.—When driven from the synagogue, where did Paul preach? In whose house? State the character of Justus. Of Crispus. His office among the Jews. By whom baptized. What shows that the church at Corinth was large? v. 8.

IV. ENCOURAGED BY A VISION. (9.) VISION, Acts x. 12; xvi. 9; xxii. 18; FEAR NOT, this seems to imply that Paul was shrinking from the danger.—*(Alexander.)* (10.) I AM WITH THEE, see Jer. i. 8; Matt. xxviii. 20; MUCH PEOPLE, many yet to be converted. (11.) CONTINUED, literally, "he sat" there, as Eastern teachers were accustomed to sit; A YEAR AND SIX MONTHS, this may include the whole of Paul's stay at Corinth or only until his arrest, noted in the next verse. See also v. 18.

IV. QUESTIONS.—Who spoke to Paul in the night? How? State the first charge to Paul. The second and third. The three reasons given for the charge. How would these encourage Paul? How long did he remain at Corinth? What doing?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That honest employment is right and honorable?

(2.) That the greater the opposition, to Christ, the more earnest Christians should be for him?

(3.) That Christian workers may leave hopeless fields of labor for those more promising?

(4.) That the Lord is ready to encourage his faithful servants?

ILLUSTRATION.—*Courage in danger.*—Charles XII. of Sweden was dictating a letter to his secretary during the siege of Stralsund, when a bombshell crashed through the house and burst in the next room. Alarmed, the secretary's pen fell from his hand. "Why do you not write?" calmly asked the king. "The bombshell, sire!" "Well," replied the king, "what has the bombshell got to do with the letter? Go on with the writing."

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven.

PSA. 32: 1.

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